THE WANTS OF MAN.

[The following beautiful lines were written by the illustrious statesman, John Quincy Adams, in July, 1840, under these circumstances: Gen. Ogle informed Mr. Adams that a number of young ladies had requested him to obtain his autograph for them. In order to comply with this request, Mr. Adams wrote the poem on "The Wants of Man," and gave to each lady a stanza, with his autograph written on a sheet of letter paper. These sheets formed the poem as given below:]

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.
—*Goldsmith's Hermit.*

Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long;
'Tis not with me exactly so—but 'tis so in my song.
My wants are many, and, if told, would muster quite a score—
And were each wish a mint of gold, I still should wish for more.

What first I want is daily bread and canvas-backs and wine,
And all the realms of nature spread before me when I dine;
Four courses scarcely can provide my appetite to quell—
With choicest cooks from France, beside, to dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at heavy cost, is elegant attire—
Black sable furs for winter's frost, and silks for summer's fire—
And Cashmere shawls and Brussels lace my bosom's front to deck—
And diamond rings my hands to grace and rubies for my neck.

And then I want a mansion fair—a dwelling-house in style,
Four stories high for wholesome air—a massive marble pile,
With halls for banquets and for balls, all furnished rich and fine,
With stab'ed studs in fifty stalls, and cellars full of wine.

I want a garden and a park my dwelling to surround,
A thousand acres (bless the mark!) with wall encompassed 'round,
Where flocks may range and herds may low, and kids and lambkins play,
And flowers and fruit commingled grow—all Eden to display.

I want, when summer foliage falls and autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls, for comfort and for ease—
But here, as space, is rather scant, and acres rather rare,
My house in town I only want to occupy—a square

I want a steward, butler, cooks, a coachman, footman, grooms,
A library of well-bound books and picture-garnished rooms,
Corregio's "Magdalen" and "Night," "The Matron of the Chair,"
Guido's "Fleet Coursers in Their Flight," and Claudes at least a pair.

I want a cabinet profuse of medals, coins and gems,
A printing press for private use of fifty thousand ems,
And plants and minerals and shells, worms, insects, fishes, birds,
And every beast on earth that dwells in solitude or herds.

I want a board of burnished plate of silver and of gold,
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight, with sculpture's richest mold,
Plateaus with chandeliers and lamps, plates, dishes, all the same,
And porcelain vases with the stamps of Sevres Angouleme.

And maples of fair glossy stain must form my chamber doors;
And carpets of the Wilton grain must cover all my floors;
My walls with tapestry bedecked must never be outdone,
And damask curtains must protect the colors from the sun.

And mirrors of the largest pane from Venice must be brought,
And sandalwood and bamboo canes for chairs and tables bought;
On all the mantelpieces clocks of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box invite the stranger's hand.

I want (who does not want?) a wife affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life and all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will, of firm yet placid mind,
With all my faults to love me still, with sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs and Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons from eight to half a score,
I want (alas, can mortal dare such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair—the boys all wise and brave.

And when my bosom's darling sings with melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings must with her voice combine;
A piano exquisitely wrought must open stand apart,
That all my daughters may be taught to win the stranger's heart.

My wife and daughters will desire refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require and artificial blooms;
The civet fragrance shall dispense and treasured sweets return,
Cologne revive the flagging sense and smoking amber burn.

And when at night my weary head begins to droop and doze,
A southern chamber holds my bed for nature's soft repose;
With blankets, counterpane and sheet, mattress and bed of down,
And comfortables for my feet, and pillows for my crown.

I want a warm and faithful friend to cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flattery will descend, nor bend the knee to power;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong, my inmost soul to see,
And that my friendship prove as strong for him as his for me.

I want a kind and tender heart for other's wants to feel,
A soul secure from fortune's dart and bosom arm'd with steel,
To bear divine chastisement's rod, and, mingling in my plan,
Submission to the will of God and charity to man.

I want a keen, observing eye; an everlasting ear;
The truth through all disguise to spy and wisdom's voice to hear;
A tongue to speak at virtue's need in heaven's sublimest strain,
And lips the cause of man to plead, and never plead in vain.

I want uninterrupted health throughout my long career;
And streams of never-failing wealth to scatter far and near;
The destitute to clothe and feed, free bounty to bestow,
Supply the helpless orphan's need and soothe the widow's woe.

I want the genius to conceive, the talents to unfold,
Designs the vicious to retrieve, the virtuous to uphold;
Inventing power, combining skill, a persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mold the will, and reach from pole to pole.

I want the seals of power and place, the ensigns of command,
Charged by the people's unbought grace to rule my native land;
Nor crown nor scepter would I ask; but from my country's will
By day, by night, to ply the task, her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise to follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days the friend of human-kind;
That after ages as they rise exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man, I cannot want them long—
For life itself is but a span, and earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all, is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call, the mercy of my God.

DORA'S TRIAL.

"I do wish," said Mrs. Prudence Hall, holding her darning-needle in mid-air for a moment over the coarse blue sock she was mending, "I do wish you could see your way clear to marrying Seth Hallet. He wants you the worst kind, and he'll be such a good provider."

"But I don't like him well enough, Prudy; and I want something beside meat and drink and two calico dresses a year."

Mrs. Prudence Hall had sprained her ankle, and was forced, sorely against her will, to sit day after day in an upper chamber, with a terrible consciousness that everything about the farm was relapsing into chaos and old night for want of her oversight. Her pretty sister Dora had come to stay with her; but she was "only a child, you know." "There are two kinds of love in this world," said Mrs. Hall, after a pause, in which she had been taking counsel with herself whether Dora was old enough to be talked to on such matters at all, and it flashed upon her that "the child" was nearly 20 years old. "Perhaps you like Seth well enough to marry him, only you don't know it."

"Tell me about the two kinds of love," said Dora, innocently. "I thought love was love the world over."

"I have never known but one kind, I think, Dora. When I married David Hall he was the most well-to-do young man in these parts, and we never had a quarrel while he lived. He was a good practical sort of a man, and never asked me to do anything unreasonable."

"What if he had?" asked Dora.

"Well, I guess I should have argued him out of it. But there is a kind of love that will draw women through fire and water. It makes them throw themselves away on poor, shiftless men that will never provide for them nor their children, and they know it as well as any one else does. It is the greatest wonder to me why such a senseless feeling should ever have been created."

Dora had bent low over her work to hide her roguish smiles at her sister's discourse; but at this point she fixed her deep gray eyes on Prudence, not smiling, but simply earnest. "Such love brings happiness sometimes, I suppose," said Dora.

"Next to never," said Prudence, with great decision. "We ain't made to be happy, and anything that's too good always leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Comfort is a bird in the hand, and you don't gain anything by letting it fly on the chance of happiness."

"Did you ever know any one about here, Prudence, that threw herself away for love? It seems to me they won't look at a man unless he has a house and farm all ready for them."

"That's where they're right," said Prudence. "You are rather given to high-flying notions, and it's time you found out that bread don't grow ready-buttered. Yes, I did know one girl, who was pretty and smart and had no end of chances to get married (I think my David courted her a spell, but he never would own it), and she would have that shiftless critter Joe Raymond, who never could make one hand wash the other. Even when she was a-dying she pretended that she had been happy and wouldn't have done no other way if she had it to do over again."

"Was she our Joe's mother?" asked Dora quickly.

"Yes, to be sure; and when she died we took him to bring up and work on the farm. He's more than paid his way; but he's a rolling stone like his father, and won't never come to anything. I forgot to tell you—he's going to-morrow."

"Going to-morrow!" cried Dora, with a great start. "I thought his time wasn't out for another month."

"Well, it ain't out rightly till he's 21; but he was in such a hurry to be off that I gave him the last month."

Then silence fell upon them.

These two women had the same father and mother, though a score of years lay between them. Prudence had been born in the early married life of her parents, when they were struggling with a stony New England farm and there was work for even baby hands. The lines of duty and patience were deep-graved in her rugged face, which yet beamed with a kindly common sense. But Dora had come to her mother late in life, as an old tree sometimes blossoms into loveliness after every one has forgotten it. Her little feet had walked in easy paths and Prudence yearned over her like a mother.

She sat now by the open fire, bending her graceful head over some delicate work that Prudence would never have found time for; her red dress and the flickering firelight made her a picture too lovely for that dull room. "Prudence," she said suddenly, "as this is Joe's last night, I think I'll go down and say good-by to him."

"You might call him up here."

"No; I think I will go myself."

"I believe I haven't ever told you, Dora, how much you pleased me by giving up that childish way of going on with him that you used to have. It did very well for you to be fond of each other when you were little, but of course it is out of the question now."

It might have been the red dress and the fire light that brought such a vivid flush to Dora's cheek as she listened and turned away. She ran lightly downstairs and opened the door of the great farm-kitchen.

A young man sat by the dull fire, looking into it as one looks into the eyes of an enemy before the fight—an overgrown farmer-boy, in home-made clothes, with nothing about him to fall in love with, least of all for the brilliant little figure that stood waiting for him to look up. He was too intent on his own thoughts to notice her, till she went swiftly across the room, and, taking his head between her soft hands, turned his face up to hers. "Joe, bad boy, were you going away without letting me know?"

The hard lines of his face softened and brightened under her gaze till one would not have known him for the same man. "I thought I should not see you to-night," he said.

"You know better; you know I would have crept through the key-hole for one last little minute with you."

"How long will you wait for me, Dora?"

"Till you come back."

"If it were seven years, think how long it would be."

"If you loved me as you make believe," said Dora, "you would not go away at all, but stay here till you could build a little house, and then we would rough it together."

"No, little Dora, that is not my kind of love; my mother tried that and she lived a slave's life."

"I must go now, I must truly," said Dora, as she felt herself locked in arms that would not give way. "If I live without you for seven years I shall be a homely old maid, and you will not thank me for waiting for you."

He put her away then and looked at her curiously, as if he had never thought of her prettiness before. "Do you know what your name means?" he asked, earnestly. "I saw it in the paper that 'Theodora' means 'Gift of God;' and you have been just that to me. If I had never seen you, I should never have had a notion above a day's work and a night's sleep. I will write whenever I have any luck, and come home on New Year's eve, when I do come; and if you wear this red dress I shall know you have waited for me."

"I think I shall live to wear it when you come home, if it is seven times seven years, Joe; for women are very hard to kill," said Dora, slowly disappearing from the kitchen.

"What have you been doing all this time?" said Prudence, severely.

"I was only giving Joe some good advice."

"Well, I hope he'll profit by it."

"So do I," said Dora, heartily.

'Tis as easy to say seven years as one, and we read of Jacob's seven years' service for Rachel, which seemed but as one day for the love that he bore her. Rachel's feelings are not thought worthy to be mentioned in holy writ; but, if her love was like Dora's, every day seemed seven years. And here, in a nutshell, lies the difference between a man's love and a woman's.

Jacob had the sheep to mind, and he did mind them uncommonly well; Joe went to seek his fortune in new scenes, and only thought of Dora when he had nothing else to do. The poet thought he had set a hard task to men when he said:

Learn to labor and to wait;

but it is immeasurably harder to be idle and wait.

Till her lover went away Dora had never cared to ask herself whether she were a child or a woman. Sunshine had been plenty with her, and she had easily sugared and gilded the plain things that farm life offered her.

Before the first year came to an end she felt that she should soon arrive at a patriarchal age if she did not do something to kill the time that died so hard on her hands.

"Teach school! I guess not," said her father, when she first broached her plan to him. "You ain't starvin' yet; and if you want some new farbelows you just say so, and not come at it slantin'-ways like that."

"I don't want anything, father; but there is so little for me to do at home."

"Nonsense! In my time, gals were always full of business. Can't you make sheets and pillow-cases and get ready to be married? Who knows but somebody'll ask ye one of these days?"

"I'd rather teach school, father."

"Waal, waal, folks can't always have their 'drathers in this world. I ain't willin', and that's the end on't."

But this was not the end on't, and Dora easily obtained a school. She developed a governing talent which charmed the committeemen, and the congenial labor in the company of little children took her out of herself and infused new life into her hope deferred.

Every week she walked to the post-office, three miles away, to ask for a letter, going in with a bright flush in either cheek, and coming out pale and dull-eyed after the stab of disappointment. I wonder that people in the country are so anxious to be Postmasters; if they only knew it, they are actors in more tragedies than any member of a theatrical stock-company. Much sealed happiness passes through their hands; but they have to refuse many a "Mariana in the Moated Grange"—weary women who reach a hand out of their dull lives for a letter and draw it back empty.

It was far into the second year before Joe's first letter came. It was surely a fanciful and foolish thing for a schoolmistress to do, but Dora carried it to her own little room and put on the red dress before she read Joe's letter.

Joe was working in the mines in Colorado. His luck had not yet come, in nuggets at least, but hard work and sober living were slowly giving him the advantage over the other miners. He was never so well, and he loved her better than all the world.

Dora lived on this letter for many weeks, and she set "Colorado" for a copy so often to her scholars that they will write that word better than any other to their dying day.

Letters came oftener as years drew on; sometimes Joe was up in the world, sometimes down; once his carefully-hoarded gold was stolen from him, and he had to begin all over again; but this was nothing to a long illness in which a friend wrote to Dora so soon as Joe was out of danger. Then Dora envied the doves their wings.

New Year's day was the hardest of all to bear. She could not help a strong pressure of excitement when she put on the red dress, which grew more and more old-fashioned, and watched the sun go down on the road which Joe must travel when he should come home. The next morning she fitted her shoulders sadly to the burden of another year.

One young farmer after another found his way to the old farm-house on Sunday evenings, and Dora pushed them down an inclined plane of discouragement so gently that they scarcely knew whether they had meant to court her or not. It was not the least of her trials to meet the entreaties of her mother and the rough arguments of her father when one or two more persistent suitors would take nothing less than "no" for their answer.

Dora could give no reason for repeated refusals to marry, only she loved no one well enough, a reason which would be all-sufficient if parents remained immortally young, but it loses weight after sixty.

As the seventh year drew to a close, Dora's heart beat light within her. Joe had mentioned seven years, as if he meant to come home then at any rate. She wore out the first day of the "glad New Year" with busy cares till late in the afternoon, when an old man spent with much walking stopped to rest himself in the farm-house kitchen. Prudence bestirred herself to give him a hearty luncheon, and, when he was warmed and fed, he began to talk of his travels. He had been to seek his fortune all over the West, and, never finding it, had come back to die at home. He mentioned Colorado and Denver, and when Dora found herself alone with him for a moment, she said, "Did you ever see Joseph Raymond in Denver?"

"Joe Raymond? Oh yes! knew, him well; lived with him nigh on to a month. His wife was a real good cook; couldn't be beat nowhere in them parts."

"You say he was married?"

"To be sure; a right smart feller, and mighty fond of his wife. Women are scarce out there."

Prudence came in, and the old man went on his way all unconscious of the great stone he had cast into the still waters of Dora's heart.

"What's the matter?" said Prudence; "you're as white as a ghost."

Dora's only answer was to dart out of the house and run, as for her life, down the frozen orchard-path by which she could gain upon and overtake this terrible man. She might have said, with "holy Herbert"—

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scattered smart—

only misery must have time to crystallize into memory before it takes the form of poetry. She stood before the old man at the turning, bareheaded and breathless. "How did the Joe Raymond look that you lived with?" gasped Dora.

"I never said 'Joe Raymond,'" said the old man peevishly; "I said 'Jim Raymond.' They had a big boy named Joe, who—" but Dora was off again before he could finish his sentence.

She ran back through the orchard, giving thanks with all her heart that she had not suffered herself to be persuaded of Joe's faithlessness on one hearing. Her feeling of grateful awe as if she had escaped from sudden death kept her from mourning much over the passing away of this seventh anniversary of Joe's departure with no sign of his return.

His letters had wholly ceased, and there was nothing left for Dora but to possess her soul with patience. When another new year dawned upon her, she put on the old red dress more from habit than from any gleam of hope in her heart, and did not care to look in the glass. In the twilight she walked slowly down the orchard-path and leaned on the gate that opened into the road.

Suddenly a man sprang out from behind the wall. "Theodora, my 'gift of God!'" he said; and Dora, though she recognized no mark of the lover who had left her eight years before, felt that no other knew that pass-word, and suffered herself to rest silently in his arms in the ineffable content that comes after long waiting.

When Joe and Dora went into the house, and she looked at him by candle-light, her heart almost misgave her; his luxuriant beard and the manly assurance of his manners were not at all like her Joe of beloved memory, and a terrible barrier seemed to rise up between them, while Prudence remained in the room with her company manners, which sat more awkwardly upon her than her Sunday gown.

When Dora tiptoed softly by her sister's door at a very late hour that night Prudence was lying awake for her. "Don't tell me," she said, "that you've been waiting for that Joe Raymond all this time!"

"I won't tell you if you don't want to hear it," said Dora.

"Do you know whether he came home any better off than when he went away?"

"I really haven't thought to ask him," said Dora, carelessly. Prudence groaned and turned her face to the wall.

Joe waited only till the next day to tell Mrs. Hall the story of his success, which seemed very moderate in his traveled eyes, but seemed a noble fortune to her homely ideas.

"I never thought before," said Dora's father at the wedding, "that a woman could keep a secret; and I guess it ain't much more common than snow in dog-days."

"How long would you have waited for me?" whispered Joe in Dora's ear.

"Forever," said Dora, solemnly.

And Mrs. Prudence Hall, as she overheard the word, thanked her stars that Dora's foolish notions had not wrecked her at last on a poverty-stricken marriage.

Reckless Mosby.

Although a guerrilla, Mosby was a brave man. He would run risks and take chances which he would not order his men to take. He was in Washington three different times during the war; in Baltimore four or five times, and in more than a dozen instances he penetrated the Federal lines for information. Near Middletown he was once cut off by Federal cavalry who held the pike in both directions. When ordered to surrender he drove his horse over the stone wall and got away through the fields. Three bullets pierced his clothing, his horse was struck twice, and an overcoat strapped to his saddle was clean cut away by bullets. One day while he was eating dinner in the Luray valley six Union cavalry walked in on him. They did not know him as Mosby, but rightly conjectured that he was a guerrilla. As they attacked him he shot two and dashed through a window and made off with one of their horses. He was once captured in Washington while on a spying expedition, but feigned drunkenness and made a dash for liberty while on the way to the Provost Marshal's office. At that time he had plenty of proofs on his person to have convicted him as a spy. Near Warrenton he one night rode with twenty-four men full upon a Federal reserve picket of at least a hundred men. Both sides stood staring at each other for a moment and then Mosby called out:

"Did any of them mules come this way?"

"Haven't seen any," was the reply.

"Cuss the critters—they stampeded on us," growled the guerrilla, as he turned his men and rode away.

Some of his men had blue overcoats on, some wore citizens' clothes, and no one could say that they did not belong to the Federal wagon trains.—*Virginia letter.*

A Salutary Law.

The laws of Denmark contain, among other wise provisions, one which it would probably be as difficult to find in the criminal code of other nations as in our own common law, or any other statute amending the same. It provides a punishment for that especially revolting form of cruelty which consists in allowing a fellow-creature to perish without extending to him a helping hand. A mere act of omission in certain cases is indictable. "Whoever has refused," says the Danish law, "to help another person in mortal danger, when he could have done so without peril to his own life, and that person has perished in consequence, is liable to either imprisonment or fine."

How Tacks Are Made.

Described in a few words, the process of making tacks is as follows: The iron, as received from the rolling-mills, is in sheets from three to twelve inches wide, and from three feet to nine feet in length, the thickness varying, according to the work into which it is to be made, from one-eighth to one-thirty-second of an inch. These sheets are all cut into about three-feet pieces, and by immersion in acid cleaned of the hard outside flinty scale. They are then chopped into strips of a width corresponding to the length of the nail or tack required.

Supposing the tack to be cut is an eight-ounce carpet tack, the strip of iron, as chopped and ready for the machine, would be about eleven-sixteenths of an inch thick and three feet long. This piece is placed firmly in the feeding apparatus, and by this arrangement carried between the knives of the machine.

At each revolution of the balance-wheel the knives cut off a small piece from the end of this plate. The piece cut off is pointed at one end, and square for forming the head at the other. It is then carried between two dies by the action of the knives, and these dies coming together form the body of the tack under the head. Enough of the iron projects beyond the face of the dies to form the head, and while, held firmly by them, a lever strikes this projecting piece into a round head. This as we have said before, is all done during one revolution of the balance wheel, and the knives, as soon as the tack drops from the machine, are ready to cut off another piece. These machines are run at the rate of about 250 revolutions per minute. The shoe-nail machines for cutting headless shoe nails are run at about 500 revolutions per minute, and cut from three to five nails at each revolution. When we think of the number of machines being now run in the United States, namely, about 1,700, and of the quantity of tacks and nails they can produce, it is as much of a mystery where they go as it is what becomes of the pins.

The tack maker fifty or sixty years ago worked as follows: He took a small rod of iron, and, after heating it in a charcoal fire, hammered it down so as to make a point, then a piece was cut off, placed in a vise worked by foot power, and the head formed by a few blows of the hammer.

How a Man Became Insane.

The Hermit of the Troy (N. Y.) Times, writes:

A large number of lunatics in our asylums are the victims of their own misconduct. Almost any man can make himself a lunatic if he pursues the direct method. There are hundreds and perhaps thousands in this city driving themselves to madness. Gambling, speculation, and hard drinking will undermine the strongest intellects. A young man of my acquaintance has lately been sent to Bloomingdale asylum, who was a few years ago so promising as to obtain an important appointment. He abused his position, became suddenly a gambler, and a rake as well as a defaulter. Such a course of vice destroyed his reason, and he is one of the incurables.

The same idea is advanced by Hogarth, who finished the "Rake's Progress," by the scene in the the madhouse. During the last five years large numbers have been carried to the asylum the victims of speculation. The love of pleasure and the haste to get rich have done a fearful work. After the intellect has been over-driven it must sink, and perhaps remain in hopeless prostration. It may be added that the increase of insanity since the opening of the present year is of unparalleled degree. More than 500 cases have been reported during this brief interval, and hence it is not surprising that the asylums are more than full. The attention of the public has been called to this subject by the press, and additional room must be provided. We must either abate that furious intemperance which is driving so many to madness or we must double our asylums all through the State.

To Husbands.

Always complain of being tired, and remember that nobody else gets tired.

Your wife should have everything in readiness for you, but you should not do anything for her.

When your wife asks for money, give her a nickle; ask her what she wants with it, and when she tells you, ask her if she can't do without it. Then go down town and spend ten times the amount for cigars, for they are a necessity.

Go down town of an evening, stand around on the street corner and talk politics; its more interesting than to stay at home with your family.

Charge your wife not to gossip, but you can spin all the yarns you wish.

Have your wife get up and make fires, but don't get up yourself till the rest of the family are eating breakfast, as you might take cold.

Wear old clothes, and make yourself as untidy as possible until your wife's health fails, then it would be best for you to fix up some, for in all probability you will want another when she is gone.

Have a smile for everybody you meet but get a frown on before you go home.—*Physiologist.*

Lodger at Long Branch hotel upon being presented with his bill—fifteen dollars for two days! Polite Clerk—Correct, sir; you read figures like a banker's clerk. Lodger—Do you take me for a bonanza mine on its travels? Polite Clerk—Far from it; but you had one of the best rooms in the house. Lodger—One of the best rooms in the house! Why, it wasn't bigger'n a coal-bin, and I had to sleep with my legs out of the window. Polite Clerk—That's just it, you see. When a guest sleeps with his legs out of the window we always charge him two dollars and a half a day extra.